

## SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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## BOSSISM LOSES.

The apparent victory of Gifford Pinchot in the race for the republican nomination for governor of Pennsylvania will now afford the political diagnosticians a new subject for dissection.

It will be seized upon in all probability by the democrats as conclusive evidence of the unpopularity of the Harding administration and will be welcomed by them as evidence of a growing dislike for the party in power.

There will be none who will attribute it to any personal popularity on the part of Pinchot. When he first came to notice as a lieutenant of Roosevelt and the creator of the policy of forest reserves, he held his place only through the toleration of his chief. The other followers of Roosevelt disliked his aristocratic bearing, his aloofness, his most palpable lack of those qualities which create strong personal friendships.

For Pinchot, bred in the rare atmosphere of wealth, had little natural attraction with the people who were presumably most interested in the causes he espoused. Whatever hold he had upon the public came from principles, not personality.

Following so closely on the victory of Beveridge in this state, the most natural conclusion might be that the old Bull Moose is again on the rampage and that it is out now to take control of the parent party.

The same influences which fought Beveridge in this state fought Pinchot in Pennsylvania. The Old Guard and their standards of party bossism and the control of party machinery for the benefit of privileged masters was arrayed against him in all its strength and power. He had to fight that organization which blindly followed the late Sen. Penrose. The truth is that the people of this country are getting tired of party bossism and that the repudiation of Harding, as far as it is involved, is limited to his association with party bosses.

The republicans of Pennsylvania, for the first time in years, have asserted their independence of their leaders and have decided that they can choose their own candidates.

The result should be something of a lesson to those who think in a dead age and who have not yet learned what the coming of woman's suffrage means.

This victory, in the old days would have been impossible. The women can be relied upon to choose men who have been identified with principles that look towards the uplift of standards of life and the protection of the home and children rather than those who depend upon the power of close organization and public plunder.

In these first fights, the conclusion is plain and should be a warning to all those who make a pastime or a profession of politics.

The people are thinking for themselves. They are tired of being bossed. They are not misled by labels and by fake appeals. They want results and demand that laws be fitted to changing needs.

Insofar as the democratic party shows itself more progressive than the republican, it can hope to win. For the people are on their way and that way is forward, not towards the dead days of pillage and privilege.

## THE FOUNDATION OF PROSPERITY.

George E. Roberts, vice president of the nation's largest bank, tells the members of a western state banking association that cheap money and plenty of money will not bring real progress and prosperity.

"Progress cannot be made by writing promissory notes," he says. "If cheap money is a good thing, they should be happy in Russia. For the world to get ahead it takes work, it takes saving and it takes time."

"It is well to think of capital in concrete form. If a man has an ax that he is not using all the time, he can lend it part of the time for a neighbor who has use for it. There is an economic gain in having the ax in use all the time, but the point is that somebody must have an ax. Many get to thinking in times of credit expansion that a photograph of an ax will do."

That is the view which all bankers will take when in a few days or a few weeks they will be asked to loan their axes to South Bend, which needs them and which has the power to use them.

Very fortunately this city, when it asks to borrow an ax can point to a great forest to be cut down and put into usable form as a guaranty that there is a real necessity for it and that when the time comes to return the ax, that it will have not only the original instrument but enough more saved wealth to safeguard against any loss.

For South Bend is creating wealth, creating it by work, which is the first essential of prosperity and of growth.

This city is now able to offer to the nation the spectacle of an unparalleled demand for its products, an unparalleled ability to furnish things produced by work that the loan of axes loses all risk.

This city is ready to work. It has saved. Its foundations are built for all time.

It furnishes no photographs, but it has the reality of wealth which is the creation of labor, of saving and the use of time.

## THE MUSICAL DOCTOR.

Radio fans will be pleased to learn that music has medicinal powers, according to Dr. Alexander Lambert of Bellevue hospital, New York City.

Discussing the therapeutic value of music, he makes out such a good case that the audience cheers and votes enough money to install a super-radio-phonograph in Bellevue. Says Dr. Lambert:

"Music can ease the strain of life for a great number of patients, but not for all. It calls up cheerful thoughts and lessens monotony, and it is of enormous benefit to the nervously broken down, to children, and to most surgical cases, for music appeals more to the emotions than to reason."

"People differ not in opinion but in stages of intellectual and spiritual development. So some want jazz and some want fugues, and neither is soothed by the music that pleases the other. Music might heal or injure. Wherever it cheers, though, it heals."

Jazz might cure one dying person—and kill another, thick with the dust of culture. What's one man's meat is another's poison.

Maybe you have visions of a new medical fad, impending, psychoanalysis and endocrine gland doc-

toring shoved aside to make way for a new school of doctors armed with saxophones and fiddles.

Fear not, the medicinal value of music is nothing new. It was discussed enthusiastically by leading European physicians in the Philosophical Magazine for May, 1806. Among great practitioners who prescribed music were Dumas, Burette, De Mairan and Bianchini.

Some of them went as far as to believe that music could cure scaly rheumatism. But, in the main, they believed that music's greatest medical powers were in diverting the attention, soothing the nerves, making people forget imaginary ailments and curing the insane.

You recall, further back, how David was employed in his youth to cure Saul's mental derangement by harp playing.

Varro thought music good for gout. The ancients believed fever could be cured by singing, plague by a lyre and deafness by proper blowing with a trumpet.

The commonest cause of sickness is the body's organs getting out of harmony with each other. Back of this is inharmonious nervous condition or unbalanced functioning of endocrine glands.

And, back of that, is inharmonious thought.

Music puts the soul in tune, eases the aching brain, soothes the nerves. It is not far from those to bodily harmony—health. This, of course, drifts into hypnotism, like the charmed cobra awaying to the Hindu juggler's red flute.

The radio craze may do the national health more good than a freight-trainful of quinine, calomel and sassafras tea, provided it doesn't circulate too much jazz—the medical opium.

## WHY DO YOU LAUGH?

There are those who will hardly agree with that noted speaker, Prof. Newcomb of Cleveland, who told the Knife and Fork club that laughter is caused by the sudden removal of one of the inhibitions of natural instinct.

Nor will they concede that the purpose of laughter is designed by nature as a release from the tensions of social chains.

If this were true, laughter would be most common among those whose high development in the social scale had given them the most repressions and whose natural instincts were most severely chained by customs brought about by the complexity of modern civilization.

You might expect from the college professor, trained to a life of unemotionalism, to exhibit hysterical outbursts when his sense of humor was touched by one of those slips of language. The reverse is true.

The truest laughter in the world is that of the child who uses it as his expression of pure joyousness. The infantile mind that detects no incongruities in life, that has no fixed ideas that looks always upon a new world, finds its easiest expression in spontaneous outbursts of joy.

Laughter, or so it will seem to many, is the natural expression of pleasant emotions, rather than the eacring steam from the overheated imagination.

Only when people begin to express their tendency to laughter does repression and inhibition play its part. Those who are trained highly to so-called good manners do not smile when the tongue slips or when some unfortunate accident occurs to a fellow being, placing them in an undignified attitude.

The man who laughs the most is he who has kept his heart closest to the guilelessness of childhood, who finds a pleasure in life in little things, who has not let the serious weight of affairs crowd from his mind the joy of living or the enjoyment of the simple things.

Were this not true, the ordinary vaudeville actor would find the going very hard and the professional fun-maker would have a most hazardous occupation.

People laugh because it is natural to laugh, because their whole tendency is towards joy, because their hearts are ever alert for happiness.

## YES, THERE IS PROGRESS.

Does the name Semenov mean anything to you? It will, perhaps sometime soon, when Sen. Borah gets into action in earnest in his effort to deport this man, if he cannot try him for his killings.

For Semenov boasts of the title of "arch murderer of the ages" and came to this country when he escaped from Russia, where his cold killings had made him a hated and feared monster. Even Japan would not let him land.

An officer of the United States army has testified that he has killed 100,000 men, women and children. The head of the American army in Russia says that that figure is not exaggerated. He is but 27 years old now.

Only once in several centuries does a man rise to such terrible eminence, and the fact that he is now a hunted, despised thing instead of king shows that history does record some progress.

Seven hundred years ago the world saw an even greater destroyed of life in the person of Genghis Khan, who attained the distinction of killing over 13,000,000 Asiatics.

He was the military murder of all ages, and his methods of murder were the crude ones of his day. He had not reached the refinements of bombs and poison gas, of airplanes over cities, of submarines striking from beneath the waves.

When he captured the city of Bardad, it is recorded that he beheaded some 800,000 residents of that city in order to establish his rule and to impose his ideas of life upon others.

Genghis Khan was not only a murderer but a moralist. He believed in some of the fundamental virtues and in order to make his world "better," he killed those who refused to accept his ideas.

Historians give him credit for establishing laws against theft, against adultery, against murder in northern China, which he conquered and organized, and are inclined to forgive his wholesale killings in the light of the fact that his principles still rule in the lives of the descendants of those he conquered.

Semenov had no such purpose. He organized the battle against Bolshevism. His killings, so testify our American officers, were ruthless. He surrounded himself with men who boasted that they could not sleep unless they had killed a human being, out-rivalling Macbeth, who finally "murdered sleep" by his own killings. This man is seemingly without conscience and without regret.

Some day the senate, when it gets to the right point and forgets its political workings, will probably refuse him a haven in America.

The world progresses. Genghis Khan, by his many murders, became a king. This Russian, most blood-thirsty since the day of Genghis, is now an outcast. Seven hundred years elapsed after the first before the world produced a second monster. May it never bring forth another.

Wouldn't it be great if money circulated as fast as rumors?

Famous artist says music is a cure for jazz. But the youngsters say jazz is a cure for music.

This year's corn crop is estimated at six million gallons.

The war did some good. It gave us something to blame everything on.



## The Tower of Babel

Bill Armstrong

## EVERYDAY, EVERYWHERE

Two merchants bid for Fortune's prize

In the self-same field of labor. One had the sense to advance. And soon bought out his neighbor.

## BRIEF NEWS OF THE CITY.

Billy Elliott and Perry Fulton have returned from a three months trip abroad. The trip was made particularly interesting to both of them and the others in the party, because nearly every place that Billy and Perry went, the natives mistook them for Mut and Jeff.

We notice that John Ellsworth has started broadcasting bargains to the St. Joseph valley. That's the trouble with the radio, everybody's doing it. Think what will be our feelings some night when we have set down to enjoy a concert by Schumann-Heink or the Colfax Avenue Glee club and half through the program, old J. C. will pull something like this—"My Adeline, Sweet—Fleece lined underwear, two pairs for a quarter, at the Ellsworth store, the Brightest Spot in town—You're the Flower of My Heart Sweet Adeline."

Which brings us to a most important matter; Dudley Shively has mailed us a program—we believe that's what you call it—of the Hotel Whitcomb dining room, St. Joseph, Mich., in which the item "Caviar Stewed" is featured, causing Dudley to comment as follows—"Bill—Who can slice caviar? This is getting it too fine. Dudley." So we ask, who can slice caviar? Who can? Again we ask it? H-I, we can't pronounce it, let alone slice it.

Who can slice caviar? Dudley might just as well have asked us, "Why is a policeman?"

A dispatch from Indianapolis informs us that the policemen of that city are letting ice cream get their goat; that they are eating ice cream in such quantities that official action will soon be necessary. Oh, what an argument against prohibition.

## YOUR HEALTH -- By Dr. R. S. Copeland

To maintain the body in health and to provide it proper nourishment, fifteen chemical elements are required. When I told this to a friend of mine and read him the list he said:

"That sounds more like the inventory of a drug store than of the essential elements of a society bud."

Of these elements, the fats, sugar and starches which we eat supply three. Five more are given by the protein foods—chief of which are lean meat and the white of eggs.

Of the other seven there are three—flourine, iodine and silica—which are present in the body in very infinitesimal quantities. Indeed, we may disregard them, trusting that they will be picked up from one or another source.

## Vital Minerals

The remaining chemical elements are minerals which are needed to supply strength to the bones and to supply substance to the muscles. They furnish the salt content of the fluids and juices of the body. Serum, the gastric juices and all the various secretions would be water alone and would not possess the acid or alkaline qualities essential to their proper action.

Without lime and iron and phosphorus we could not go far in our growth and activity. In Russia and the central nations of Europe the lack of milk during the war deprived the children of their chief supply of lime. As a result, there was softening of the bones and the development of rickets.

Without an abundance of lime during pregnancy the bones and teeth of the expectant mother are drawn upon and she suffers in consequence.

Carrots, turnips, cabbages and oranges are rich in lime. Apples contain a good available source of

The poor weak Indianapolis policemen—think of a policeman being reduced to poverty and want, neglecting his family and missing the finer things of this life by becoming a slave to chocolate sodas and nut sundaes.

One of our expert observers saw Rudy Ackerman removing the alcohol from the radiator of his automobile yesterday. We have been unable to ascertain whether Rudy was getting ready for a party, or was finally come to the conclusion that winter is really over.

When Solomon said, "There is a place for everything," according to Riley Hinkle's Ford Bulletin, he never thought of the trouble a car owner would have with South Bend's new parking ordinance.

We see Frank Hering has a new job, president of the Knife and Fork club. If Frank gets a few more jobs, he'll be busier than Charley Brentneck, the market man, on initiation night of the Weighing-Your-Own-Hand-With-the-Meat society.

We also observe that they have made Guy Johnson, the gas expert, president of the University club. As we consider Guy a good friend of ours, we wonder if now wouldn't be a good time for us to try to get into the University club as a graduate from the National Billiard academy.

And by the way, what's become of Isidore Burkart, of the Conversation Life Insurance company? We haven't heard of him doing anything important in a long time—not since he was walking the floors every night with Tarbaby.

## MUSICAL NOTE.

Doc Brand and Barney Barnhart are reported to be engaged in making arrangements for a wintery roast, which we expect to be invited to in the near future. If we could just raise former Lt. Earl Reader, Ye Gods, what a quartet this would make.

## GEORGE WYMAN &amp; CO.

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## Special

Fibre Sweaters  
Wool Sweaters  
Tweed Coats

\$4.95

One sweater is not sufficient in the modern wardrobe. This special on a lot

of odd sizes and style sweaters gives an opportunity to obtain a wool sweater, soft and woolly, a fibre sweater gay in color, or a tweed coat that was designed for utility wear for the active sports woman and for outings of rigorous nature.

Dress Shop  
2nd floorSpecial  
Sport Skirts

\$4.95

The very latest in sport skirts, too. Ratine, Home-spun and Eponge, gayly striped, checked or plaided in rainbow hues that add to the general joyousness of life with an equal capacity for giving service. They are the sort that find favor in the eyes of every smart woman.

The business men of South Bend are building an efficient Chamber of Commerce. You can help your city and yourself by working for this movement.



The Daylight Basement Toy Department is the place to purchase your Radio supplies.

## Pogo Sticks

\$3.25 to \$5.00

The newest outdoor toy for boys and girls is the Pogo stick. Every single laddie and lassie will want to have one. Play Santa Claus, out of season, and take one home.



## Give Coro Pearls—

for graduation and wedding gifts. Once you have seen them, their exquisite coloring and general distinctiveness (they have 14 karat gold or platinum and diamond clasps) at remarkably low prices will prove them to be at once a gift to please without excessive expense. Priced from \$4.95 to \$35.00.

## Organdy Sashes

\$1.25

Sashes of organdy nicely bound with bias binding of checked gingham.

## Camisole Vests

\$1.25 and \$1.50

For wear under sweaters and suit coats the camisole vest of net with net and lace front is cool and effective.

South Bend's Newest Jewelry Stor  
Invites You Today or Tonight

This is our opening day—our first appearance upon the South Bend stage of business. We expect before the day is over to have established ourselves firmly in the hearts of the people of this town.

We invite you heartily to come in and visit us. We have made elaborate plans for your reception. Souvenirs, specials, and real bargains are the features.

# Block Bros.

220 South Michigan St.

"Buy on Payments"

Try News-Times Want Ads

## Just Folks By Edgar A. Guest

## THE BETTER MAN.

I didn't understand it then,  
When I was eight or nine or ten  
And little troubles came my way  
My kindly father used to say:  
"Borrow must come to man and boy,  
Don't cry about a broken toy,  
Don't fret too much because you lose,  
Don't whimper over every bruise;  
Remember when they knock you flat,  
You'll be a better man for that."

When I had older grown, he'd say:  
"Life's not a constant round of play  
And there is work for all to do  
And many an irksome task for you,  
The time will come when you will find  
That duty often seems unkind;  
You will be told to work when you  
Have something else you'd rather do,  
But just forget your ball and bat,  
You'll be a better man for that."

"This is a lesson you must learn:  
Joy is a thing which all must earn."

And it's beneath the heavy blows  
That courage at its finest shows,  
When you have something hard to do,  
Don't quit until you've seen it through;  
Though happier you would be at play,  
Never from duty run away,  
Then, though you sprawl on fall-ure's mat,  
You'll be a better man for that."

Now I am older grown and I  
See with a somewhat clearer eye  
Just what my father saw back then  
In all the troubled lives of men,  
Hardships and builders of the race,  
Strength grows by what it has to face,  
He only meets life's sternest test  
Who gives the irksome task his best,  
Care does what pleasure never can  
In fashioning the better man.  
(Copyright, 1922.)

When you say cigars—say Dutch Masters.

**WELL KNOWN  
SOUTH BEND MEN  
who own  
South Bend Watches**

146—C. E. YOUNG, publisher  
of theatrical magazines  
and editor of "South  
Bend, World Famed."

*You, too, should boost South Bend by  
wearing a South Bend Watch*